

Tom Brown makes a friend at Oxford.

It was not long before Tom had effected his object on  
part: that is to say he had caught Hardy several times  
coming out of lecture, Hall, or Chapel, & had fastened himself  
upon him, often walking with him up to the very door  
of his room. But this matters ended. Hardy was  
very civil & gentlemanly; he even seemed pleased  
to have Tom with him, but there was a ~~coldness~~ <sup>un-</sup>  
doubtedly a coldness about him which Tom could not  
make out. But as he only liked Hardy more the  
more he saw of him, he very soon made up his  
mind to break ground himself, & to make a dash  
at any rate, for something more than a mere  
speaking acquaintance. One evening, he  
hurled out, "Leary, Hardy, I wish you'd let me  
come in & sit with you a little."

"Come in by all means if you like," answered  
the other, & so they entered.

The room was the worst, both in situation & furniture,  
which Tom had yet seen. Wooden chairs, &  
richly soft, a dingy carpet, were not cheerful objects  
& Hardy made it very plain to his visitor that  
he was poorly lodged because he was a poor man.  
Tom was a little shy at his host's allusions to  
his poverty & was relieved when he inquired, "How  
do you like Oxford?"

"I hardly know yet," said Tom; "the first few days  
I was delighted with going about & seeing the building;  
but, as soon as college life, I can't say that I like  
it as much as I liked my school life."

"I don't understand," said Hardy. "My what?"

"Oh! I hardly know," said Tom, laughing; "I don't seem  
as if I had anything to do here, that's one reason I think I'd  
think you are at Oxford & I was rather a great man."

227 p2 omc33

There are had a share in the ruling of 300 top, & a good deal of responsibility, but here one has only just 3 late can of oneself. I keep out of scrapes, & that's what I never could do. What do you think a fellow ought to do, now, up here?"

"Oh, I don't see much difficulty in that," said his host, smiling; "get up your lectures well & begin with."

"But my lectures are a farce," said Lorn, "I've done all the books over & over again. They don't take me an hour a day to get up."

"Well, then, sit down & read something regularly - reading for your degree, for instance."

"Well, but now I should really like to know what you did yourself," said Lorn; "you are the only man of much older standing than myself whom I know at all yet - What did you do, now, in your first year?"

"I really hardly remember what I did besides read. Indeed, I came up with a definite purpose of reading. My father was very anxious that I should be a good scholar. Then my position in the college was such naturally kept me out of many things which other men do."

Lorn flushed again at the ugly word, but not as much as at first.

"You wouldn't think it," he began again, heaving on the same string, "but I can hardly tell you how I enjoy the sort of responsibility I was talking to you about. I have no doubt I shall get the vacuum filled up before long, but for the life of me I can't see how yet."

"You will be a very lucky fellow if you don't find it quite as much as you can do to keep yourself in order up here. It is about the longest part of a man's life. I do believe the time he has to spend here. My university life has been so altogether different from what yours will be, that my experience is not likely to benefit you."

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107p30m23

"Which you would buy me, though," said Torr; "you don't know what a leech that sort of fellow I am, if anybody will take me the right way. You taught me to scull, you know; or at least put me in the way to learn. Red-Deulling, & raving, & cricket, & all the rest of it, with such reading as I am likely to do, won't be enough. I feel sure of that already."

"I don't think it will," said Hardy. "The amount of physical or mental work will fill the vacuum you were talking of just now. It is the empty houses swept & garnished which must be filled somehow. It's a pretty good three years' work to learn how to keep the devils out of it, more or less, by the time you take your degree. At least I have found it so."

Hardy rose & took a turn or two up & down his room. He was astonished at finding himself talking so reservedly to one of whom he knew so little, & half-wished the words recalled. Why should he be filling a youngster's head with puzzles? Now did he know that they were thinking of the same thing?

But the spoken word cannot be recalled; it must go on its way for good or evil; & this one set the hearer clanging into the ashes & putting many things together in his head.

It was some minutes before he broke silence, but at last he gathered up his thoughts, & said, "Well, shape I shan't shrink when the time comes. You don't think a fellow need shut himself up, though? I'm sure I shouldn't be any the better for that."

"No, I don't think you would," said Hardy.

"Because, you see," Torr went on, waving his hand more confidentially, "if we were to take to composing by myself, I shouldn't read a poem or any sensible fellow would do; I know that well enough. I should just begin, sitting with my legs upon the mantel-piece, slopping into my own inside. See you are laughing, but you know what I mean. Don't you, now?"

"Yes,"



"Yes, starting into the vacuum you were talking of just now, it all comes back to that," said Hardy.

"Well, perhaps it does," said Jerry, "I don't believe it does a fellow a bit of good to be thinking about himself & his own doing."

"I don't know that," said Hardy, "he can't learn anything worth knowing in any other way."

"Oh, I like that!" said Jerry, "it's worth learning how to play Lennis, & how to speak the truth. You can't learn either by thinking about yourself ever so much."

"You must know the truth before you can speak it," said Hardy.

"Jerry always does plenty of time."

"How?" said Hardy.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jerry, "by a sort of instinctual soup-pore. I never in my life felt any doubt about what I ought to say or do; did you?"

And so they talked on, until <sup>Jerry</sup> Hardy found he had been more than two hours with his friend, & then he left it over with, "Come whenever you like," from Hardy.

And then he had gone, Hardy's first thought was one of pleasure at having been caught out by one who seemed to be just the sort of friend he would like to have. "Sph. perhaps the acquaintance - I think he will - it will be before long he likes me for myself. And I can do him good, too. I feel sure," he went on. "What a blessed thing of mine can only help a youngster like this to fight his way through the cold atmosphere which is always hanging over him - can help to keep some living faith in him, that the world, beyond all, is not a respectable piece of machinery set going some centuries back! Oh! it's an awful business, that temptation to believe, or think you believe, in a dead God. What are all the temptations of the world, the flesh, & the devil to this? It includes them all. Well, I believe I can help him, & please God, I will, if he will only let me; & the very sight of him does me good, so I won't believe we have met for nothing." And so, at last Hardy joined his walk up & down the room, & took down a book to enjoy himself for a while before leaving.

Our hero soon began to feel that he was contradicting his  
 first college friendships. The great, strong, badly-dressed  
 student, with his bursts of womanly tenderness, &  
 his rages, alternating like the storm & sunshine  
 of a July day on a high moorland, his keen sense of  
 humor & appreciation of all the good things of this  
 life, the wet & enjoyment of which he was so steadily  
 denying himself from high principle, had from  
 the first seized powerfully on all Tom's sympathies.  
 So as daily gaining more hold upon him.

Reverend is the man who has the gift of friendship  
 friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves  
 many things, but above all, the power of going out of oneself  
 seeing & appreciating what is noble & living in another.

But even to him who has the gift, it is often a great  
 puzzle to find out whether a man is really a friend  
 or not. The following is recommended as a test in  
 the case of any man about whom you are not quite sure,  
 especially if he should happen to have more of this  
 world's goods, either in the shape of talents, rank,  
 money, or what not, than you—

Suppose the man stripped stark naked of everything  
 in the world, except an old pair of trousers & a shirt.  
 For decency's sake, without even a name to him,  
 & dropped down in the middle of Holborn or  
 Piccadilly. Would you go up to him there & there,  
 & lead him out from amongst the cabs & omnibuses,  
 & take him to your own home, & feed him, & clothe him,  
 & stand by him against all the world, to your last  
 sovereign & your last lig. of matter? If you would  
 not do this, you have no right to call him by the  
 sacred name of friend. If you would, the odds are that  
 he would do the same by you, & you may count  
 yourself a rich man. For, probably, were friendship  
 expressible by, or convertible into, current coin  
 of the realm, one such friend would be worth to  
 a man, at least £100,000. But friendship  
 is not so expressible or convertible. It is more  
 precious than wisdom; & wisdom "cannot be  
 sold for gold, nor shall riches be mentioned



227p6cm33

in comparison thereof? Not all the riches that ever  
came out of earth & sea are worth the assurance of one  
such real abiding friendship in your heart of hearts.  
But for the worth of a friendship commonly so called  
meaning merely a sentiment founded on what  
you have got or hope to get out of another, or his  
powers of procuring enjoyment of one kind or  
another for your miserable body or mind - why  
such a friendship as that is to be appraised easily  
enough if you find it worth your while.

Tom was rapidly falling into friendship with the third.  
He was not bound hand & foot & carried away captive  
yet; but he was already getting deep in the toils.

### Hardy's History

"My father is an old commander in the Royal Navy.  
He was a second cousin of Nelson's Hardy, & that, I believe  
was what led him into the navy. For he had no interest  
whatever of his own. However, those were times when brave  
men who knew & loved their profession could not  
be overlooked, & my dear old father fought his way  
up step by step - not very fast certainly, but still fast  
enough to keep him in heart about his chances in life.

"My father was made commander towards the end  
of the war, & got a ship, in which he sailed with a convoy of  
merchandmen from Bristol. It was the last voyage he  
ever made in active service; but the Admiralty was so  
well satisfied with his conduct in it that they kept  
his ship in commission two years after the peace  
was declared. And well they might be. For in the Spanish  
main he fought an action which lasted, on & off, for two  
days, with a French ship of war & a privateer, either of  
which ought to have been a match for him.

"Well, he came home with a stiff leg. The Bristol merchants  
gave him the freedom of the city in a gold box, & a splendid  
mounted sword with an inscription on the blade,  
which hangs over the mantel-piece at home. When I first  
left home, I asked him to give me his old service sword,  
which used to hang by the other, & he gave it me at once, though  
I was only a lad of seventeen, as he would give me  
his right eye, dear old father, which is the only one he has  
now.

men; the other he lost from a cutlass wound in a  
 boarding party. There it hangs, above his epaulettes,  
 in the first case. They need to lie under my pillow  
 before I had a room of my own, & many a cowardly  
 down-hearted fit have they helped to pull me through.  
 Brown, & many a mean act have they helped to keep  
 me from doing. There they are always; & the sight of  
 them brings home the dear old man to me as nothing  
 else does, hardly even his letters. I must be very  
 great & scornful to go wrong with such a father.

"Let's see - when was it? Oh, yes; I remember. Tell my  
 father, got his hot sword. & some very handsome  
 letters from several great men; but he never got  
 another ship. After after year slipped by, it  
 fretted him to be doing nothing, but he tried to  
 think it was all right, & said, 'God forbid that  
 his Majesty should take me if there is a better man  
 to be had.'

"When my father was made commander, he married  
 & bought a cottage & a piece of land with his first money  
 & savings, where he left his wife when he went on his  
 last voyage. They had waited some years, for  
 neither of them had any money; but then there were  
 two people who wanted it less, & did more good  
 without it to all who came near them. They had  
 a hard time of it, too. For my father, had to pay half pay;  
 & a commander's half pay is not much to live  
 upon & keep a family. For they had a family;  
 three besides me; but they are all gone. And my  
 mother, too; she died when I was quite young & she  
 left him quite alone. My father, after this used  
 to sit silent for hours together, doing nothing but  
 look over the sea.

"After a short time he took to teaching me to read, &  
 from that time I never was away from him for  
 an hour, except when I was asleep, until I went  
 out into the world.

"Red told you, my father was naturally good & studious. He  
 had kept up the little Latin he had learnt as a boy, &  
 had always been reading whatever he could lay his hands  
 on; & that I could not have had a better father. They



were no lessons to me, particularly the geography one; for there was no part of the world's coast that he did not know, & could tell me what it & the people who lived there were like.

"When I was nearly ten, a new vicar came. He was no richer than my father, was a widower like him, only he had no child. He soon became very intimate with us, & volunteered to teach me Greek which he said, it was time I should <sup>begin to</sup> learn. This was a great relief to my father, who had bought a Greek grammar & dictionary some time before, & seemed to see him often, dear old father, with his glass in his eye, puzzling away over them when I was playing <sup>for hours</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> my <sup>little</sup> ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> school. My father only sat by at the Greek lessons, took no part, but just to begin to put in a word here & there, & then would repeat words & sentences himself, took over my book while I constructed, & very soon was just as regular a pupil of the vicar as I.

And so went on, learning all I could from my father & the vicar until I was sixteen. By that time I had begun to think for myself, & had made up my mind that it was time I should do something. At fourteen wanted to leave home less, I believed; but I saw that I must make a move if I was ever to be what my father wished me to be. So I spoke to the vicar, who quite agreed with me, & made inquiries amongst his acquaintances; & so, before I was seventeen, I was offered the place of under-master in a Commercial School, about twenty miles from home. The vicar brought the offer. My father was very angry at first; but we talked him over, & so I took the situation.

"And I am very glad I did, although there were many drawbacks. The salary was £35 a year, & for that I had to drill all the boys in English arithmetic & Latin, & teach the Greek grammar to the few or six who paid extra to learn it. We had our work quite clearly laid down for us, & it was not to put the boys in the way of getting real knowledge or understanding of any of the things I learned to do, but to put them in the way of getting on.

I spent three years in that school, & in that time I grounded myself



177p9cm33

The subject is just the name of the person or thing which does the action.

The verb is the word which expresses the action.

There are many verbs; a verb to express almost every action. We may say,

It falls, ships, runs, hops, plays, pulls, squeezes, whistles, cries, laughs, peeps, smiles, carries, spins, tumbles, &c.

Or, It rains, snows, blows, thunders, peeps, &c.

Or, the plant grows, thrives, blossoms, droops, withers, dies.

(2.) But the verb does not always state what the subject does:-

The chair is broken.

Henry was praised.

Clara has been punished:-

We are not told who breaks, but certainly not the chair; the action of breaking is done to the chair: in the same way, we are not told who praises; not Henry.

Somebody praised him; he was praised.

Clara does not punish, but, very much otherwise, she has been punished.

These verbs express action, as before, but the action is done to the subject.

(3) John is happy.

Baby was asleep.

John were late.

In these sentences, the verb does not express action.

Thus, taking boy